

terminated to shoot down the first man who entered the room.

"Lie still!" she cried to the trembling man. "I will answer for your life! Lie still, and obey me!"

He crouched back in the bed, listening with ear intent to the dreadful sounds. All together now the Germans came swarming up the staircase, and cried as they came that the woman had betrayed them and was in league with the man. Then blows upon the heavy door made the very walls shiver. As for Raphael Derrus, the blows seemed to fall upon his body. He had only one desire—to possess himself of the pistol, and there and then take his own life.

"Give me the pistol, mademoiselle! They will not harm a woman. My God, I will have it! Do you hear me, girl? The pistol!"

She turned away, distracted, driven to the deepest anguish of terror and dread. In ten seconds, perhaps, in twenty certainly, the door would burst open, and these men enter. Her message had failed, then! And if that was so, did not this mad speak reason when he asked her for the pistol? A desperate hope alone permitted her to cling to it. She struggled with him, thrusting him back with strong arms, and praying for courage. He would have overmastered her, however, but for a new sound striking upon his ear as a message from the night.

"Mademoiselle," he cried in a hoarse whisper, "there is some one knocking at the window!"

She uttered a cry that was half a sob, and staggered toward the barred shutters. No need for her to open to that knock. An iron bar, wielded by a master hand, forced the hinges apart and drove the bars asunder.

"Edmund!" she cried, and fell, half fainting, into his arms.

She knew that it could be no other—Edmund Orlopp, the English doctor, her friend always, but never so resourceful in friendship as upon this momentous night. Nor had he come alone. Stealing over the roof of the count's billiard-room, one by one, as hunters upon the trail of prey, there followed five-and-twenty *gardes mobiles*, their bayonets fixed, their rifles loaded.

"What is it? Tell me!" Orlopp asked her in a breath.

"The Germans are in the house," she cried, and averted her eyes; for she dreaded that which he must see.

"We are ready to welcome them," he said, cynical even at such a moment; and then to the sergeant beside him he uttered his one command:

"Spare none—to the last man, sergeant!"

The mobiles sprang forward, their hands trembling upon the triggers of their rifles. Too late by the fraction of a second to open the door, they beheld it fall, hinges wrenched off, lock broken, woodwork splintered at their feet. Beyond it, silhouetted in the dim light of lamps, were the faces of the German Captain and his men. They stood there for one terrible instant, dumb and helpless in surprise. Then the volley echoed through the house like a thunder of cannon, and those that lived fled headlong.

*

The story of that pursuit has been written by many who have devoted their pages to the siege of Paris. Through byways, in the black darkness of lane and alley, upon the broad boulevards, the mobiles and the mob hunted the Germans to their death. Of the thirty that were believed to be in the house, three regained the Prussian lines.

Nor in this dramatic story did Paris forget to pay homage to the brave woman by whose wit the conspiracy was unmasked, and to whose resource so many Frenchmen owed their lives in the remaining weeks of the siege.

"It was a murder club," the soldiers said; "these fellows killed our sentries wherever they went. But mademoiselle wrote a prescription for old Bismarck, and the English doctor mixed the dose. Ah, messieurs, what a tale to tell!"

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POSSIBLE SEA-SERPENTS

(Continued from page 6)

the dredging vessel, which floats from two to five miles above the aqueous field of exploration, is pretty much the same. Supposing that the people in the balloon were making their trip in the darkest of moonless nights, and were obliged to depend wholly upon what their nets brought up for their notion of the species of animals inhabiting the metropolis, they would be in much the same circumstances as scientists who fish for abyssal forms.

For all that anybody can tell to the contrary, the depths of ocean at the present day may afford retreats to monsters of species supposed to be long extinct, but which still survive from remote geologic epochs. Who can say with certainty that the ferocious ichthyosaur, or that other huge fish-eating lizard, the plesiosaur, may not lurk even now in the dark unfathomed caves of the sea?

In this connection I shall tell one more story, of a British vessel, the *Fly*, which a few years ago chanced to be becalmed in the Gulf of California in twelve fathoms of remarkably clear water. While thus stationary, the Captain, who made formal report of the incident, saw crawling over the bottom an extraordinary lizard-like animal, about twenty-five feet in length, which appeared "like a gigantic snake threaded through the body of a tortoise." Its neck was long and its tail rather short, and it had four paddles like the flippers of a turtle. In brief, the description answered in every detail to that of a plesiosaur. It was certainly remarkable, and inasmuch as the skipper was not likely even to have heard of such a reptile as the plesiosaur, the details given were amazingly accurate.

The plesiosaur cannot be assumed to be extinct, merely on account of its age, inasmuch as other animals dating back to an equally ancient geologic epoch, such as the sharks, still survive. On the other hand, there is no more reason for admitting the survival of this particular reptile than for granting a similar extension of life to the mosasaur and other gigantic marine lizards of the Cretaceous. The mosasaur, of which no fewer than ten species are known to have inhabited this part of the world (remains of six of the ten having been found in New-Jersey), attained a length of forty feet. It had a long tail and one pair of paddles in front; its head was flat and pointed; and its lower jaw was provided with an attachment of cartilage by which the animal was enabled to open its mouth to an enormous extent, in the same manner as a modern snake. But some of its not-distant relatives, particularly the elasmosaur, were even more snake-like, and, did they still survive, might answer well to popular descriptions of the sea-serpent.

Assuming, however, as seems reason-

able, that the real sea-serpent, if it exists, is neither an ancient lizard nor any other creature surviving from a remote geologic epoch, we must suppose (unless we reject the monster outright, together with an immense mass of testimony in its behalf, much of which seems reliable enough) that the giant squid is the veritable original, or else that there dwells in the depths of the ocean a species of animal unknown to science, rarely seen at the surface, in size equal to or surpassing the largest whales, of an elongated and snake-like form, and corresponding in other respects, at least in a general way, to the accepted portrait of the marine mystery which holds so equivocal a status, half-way between fact and fiction.

In the tropical seas that wash the southern coasts of Asia, particularly in the neighborhood of the East Indian Archipelago, veritable sea-serpents are found in such enormous numbers that sometimes the water for miles in every direction seems to be literally alive with them. They are of several species, some of them reaching a length of eight feet, though ordinarily they do not exceed three feet, and are so extremely venomous that fishermen, who occasionally catch them in their nets, are much afraid of them. Indeed, their venom closely resembles that of the cobra, which is the most deadly of land snakes, and appears to act in the same way, causing the death of the person bitten by suffocation. A man has been known to die in five hours from a bite by one of them.

These sea-snakes are variously marked, some of them being striped and brilliantly colored. They have flattened tails for swimming, and in calm weather spend most of their time floating on the surface. When disturbed they dive, and if caught they strike at everything in sight with the utmost ferocity, sometimes driving their fangs into their own flesh. But owing to the peculiar structure of their eyes, they do not see nearly so well out of the water as in it. They feed on fishes, which they kill with their venom, and never leave the water except to lay their eggs, fifteen to twenty-five in number, which they deposit on sandy beaches.

In conclusion, I would say that I am by no means the sea-serpent's advocate. I do not assert that such a creature lives. All that I mean to convey by this plea in its behalf is a suggestion to the effect that the evidence for its existence, while falling far short of proof, is worthy of serious consideration. In fact, I will go so far as to admit that, in view of all the testimony adduced, I incline rather to belief than to disbelief in the monster, which, be it reptile, mammal, fish or mollusk, is undeniably the most interesting of zoological puzzles.

A JAPANESE WOOING

(Continued from page 13)

was forced down till the point pricked the thigh of its owner. Quickly as light moves, the hand at the wrist gripped the elbow, the one at the neck moved to the shoulder, and with a thud the coward who stabbed was thrown squarely on his back. The dagger flew to the corner of the room. Shijo the wrestler had vanquished Boonto the assassin.

"Before one could move steps sounded on the walk. The half-dazed Boonto leaped to his feet, sprang through the *shoji* and disappeared, as my husband and Kimpachi came upon the corridor. "The *dannasan* knows all; we do his bidding."

Then Shijo stepped from the window, a bandage about his forearm, but otherwise apparently none the worse for his encounter.

"*Dannasan* is generous. He will pardon a humble servitor who acted only as the heart moved, and did his small part to protect the honor of the maid he dared love. My happiness is unbounded when she smiles, my spirit saddens at her tears, and my despair is bottomless as she

frowns. My heart thrills with love of her. My suit shall be laid before her father, after the manner of our people. Will the *dannasan* not befriend the maiden till her parents can make known their wishes? Shijo becomes forever his most devoted though unworthy servant."

It was apparent that even in Japan Cupid might travel with the wings of Mercury. The proposal, made to me as representing parental authority, was in regular form. Responsibility was not to be avoided.

"Hana, when you came to us you were to learn the ways of the West. Did you not promise yourself to Boonto?"

"Yes, when I saw the knife aimed at the heart beating with my own; but he did not remain to claim the promise."

"With us man may sue; but woman only may grant his request. To her alone may come the great happiness of unlimited giving."

Then this demure maiden of the East lifted the half-veiled eyes till they met the gaze of a bolder pair, and dropped them as she murmured: "I have given."

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